



SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1903

## John Crow, of Jamaica.

"The incidence of the people and the lack of non-enforcement of sanitary laws," said a recent arrival from the West Indies, "makes some of the Jamaica towns candidates for first-class garbage service. There is one creature which attracts attention from the visitor when he first lands on the island. It is a bird called John Crow. So highly is he honored that a range of mountains in the eastern part of Portland parish has been named after him. Here, like the maroons, John Crow has his own domain. Black of coat, ragged of wing, red as to head, looking as if he had just emerged second best from a fight, he has been misnamed vulture, but John Crow is protected by the law as a scavenger. He is always overhead, or in the street, backyard or stable—in fact, everywhere where filth abounds, and he clears it away by a gastronomic process peculiarly his own. John Crow fears no man and he offers no indignity to a passer-by, with the exception that John Crow has a very loud breath. He sleeps on backyard fences, in trees and about houses. He rises with the sun and begins his sanitary duties for the health of those about him.—Baltimore Sun.

## Ancient Death Chamber.

The governor of the ancient citadel of Aquila, contemplating repairs in the subterranean arrangements of the old pile, a wall was broken through, whereupon an ancient death chamber was discovered full of bodies of men and women, many of them wearing uniforms and fine dresses. The bodies being shut off from air, were perfectly preserved; there were no coffins. Some of the corpses leaned against the walls, others lay in heaps on the floor. Investigation showed that the dead were prisoners of war during the French invasion of 1795, and that they were murdered by the garrison or by the French when the citadel was taken. Many of the bodies show stab and shot wounds; others had knives and stilettos sticking in their throat or breast. One hundred and forty-five bodies were recovered, among them many belonging to the noble Italian families, according to papers found in their clothes.—London News.

## Here's a New Fur.

Everyone has heard of Astrakhan fur, but how many have heard of "Breitschwanz?" Yet it is also Astrakhan fur, though not exactly the kind of fur that is usually worn. It is obtained, not from living animals, but from those which have not yet been born, and it naturally follows that in order to obtain it the mothers must first be killed. According to foreign journals, "Breitschwanz" fur is in great demand at present, and as it is not easily procured, it is unusually costly. The name "fur" is hardly applicable to it, as there are only faint traces of hair on the tender skin.—Detroit Free Press.

## Decrease of Betting.

Early in the last century men betted on every conceivable sport and pastime. Nearly every cricket match of which record exists was for 500 or sometimes 1,000 guineas a side. At every cock fight there was a great deal of wagering; people backed horses as they do now (except, as it appears, usually for much larger sums than are now betted), and very often odds were laid and taken about the result of a day's shooting.—Baltimore Magazine.

## Still Belligerent.

Miss Peace-maker—Come now, why don't you and Miss Oldun become friends again?  
Miss Snapp—Oh, I don't see the sense of going to all that trouble for her.  
"But it isn't any more trouble for you to make up than it is for her."  
"Don't you believe it. She's used to making up, for she's been doing it for years."—Philadelphia Press.

## Rotten in Denmark.

"The returns show," cried the candidate, "that I was defeated in my own division. They only gave me 78 votes. There's been some crooked work there."  
"You think you really got more votes than that?"  
"Well, I should have, for I paid for 100."—Philadelphia Press.

## Plenty of "Publics."

Eleven public houses in a village which only contains 13 dwellings, is a record which will be hard to beat. Such a village is to be found in County Derry, Ireland, the only premises not licensed being the police barracks and a creamery.—Pearson's Weekly.

## What Uncle Reuben Says.

"I has allus made up my boast dat I was an honest man; but to tell you de truth I was nebbler left along for a minnit wid anybody's hundred dollars and given a chance to prove myself a scascal."—Detroit Free Press.

## Curious Life Preserver.

A life preserver invented by a Hamburg engineer looks like an ordinary pocketbook, weighs but one pound and one-half ounces, and on wetting becomes inflated with gas to sustain 200 pounds three days.—N. Y. Sun.

## Purposely Misunderstood.

"I'm going on the stage," announced the ambitious amateur, proudly.  
"Oh, well, everyone to his taste," replied his sarcastic friend. "If you like it, of course, it's all right, but when I'm going anywhere I prefer to go on a railroad train."—Chicago Post.

## An Early Glimpse at Summer Materials



SUMMER is yet a long way off, and our interest in the dictates of Dame Fashion can scarcely be stretched so far in advance, and yet it would seem that we might take a few wee bit of time and space for a few words as to summer modes and summer materials, both of which are already being seen in the display rooms of the wholesale houses, where they are being shown for the benefit of early purchasers.

That the summer fabrics are more beautiful than ever before, both in texture and design, goes without saying, since the whole trend of fashion is toward more dainty effects, more refined elegance of every sort. The first installment of new foulards shows this tendency quite as conclusively as any of the new materials since the patterns are not so pronounced as formerly and the colors less striking.

The most charming novelty in this fabric is the chiffon foulard, very thin and sheer, as the name implies, with a dainty little lace stripe at intervals. In effect these foulards are mostly in one color, a white ground delicately patterned over with pink, blue, green or black, and most attractive in any case. They are a yard wide, too, which is another advantage, and the general all-around popularity of this material is sure to establish them in favor without any delay.

The new foulards show satin stripes and figures in the same tint as the ground and forming a part of it, the patterns scattered over them regardless. Pongee effects in tint and weave, are brought out very effectively among the new foulards, and then you may



THE collar, or fichu, or berthe of lace have—admittedly—always formed a dainty and decorative addition to either a day or evening bodice, and, indeed, have also afforded a simple and very successful means of transforming the appearance of some blouse for which familiarity might otherwise have led to the proverbially resulting contempt. But this season, these particular and pretty dress accessories have been brought into still greater prominence and importance by Dame Fashion's edict concerning the wearing of lace on every possible occasion—and garment, and it is an edict which—knowing as we well do, the wonderfully becoming effect of lace—we are all most anxious to obey.

A sample I have seen is a berthe of real point de Flandre lace, in a lovely design of flowers and foliage. It is so shaped that it can be worn in a variety of different but equally effective ways, it will do good service either on a day blouse or an evening bodice.

Then again I saw a frilled lace fichu which has endless possibilities for picturesque arrangement, one of the prettiest being certainly shown in the illustration, for here the soft folds of the lace follow the square of the décolleté, and are caught together at the left side, the long scarf ends then falling far below the waist, and so lending their decorative grace to the skirt as well as to the bodice. Note next the dainty detail of the sleeves sketched with

No Need of Shouting.  
"Shut the door," beloveth the irate merchant. "Where were you brought up, sir—in a sawmill?"  
"Well, I'm not sure as to that," replied the young drummer in honeyed accents, pressing both hands to his ears, "but of one thing I can assure you, my dear sir, and that is that I was not brought up in a boiler factory."—Syracuse Standard.

## A Sad Predicament.

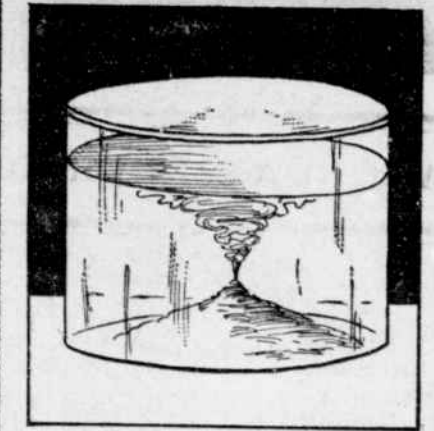
A vaudeville artist out west recently adopted four pickaninnies, ranging in age from four to six years, in order that she might use them in a comedy sketch. Now she has lost her voice and her employment, and will be obliged to hustle for a livelihood in some other field in order to support the little negroes until they shall be 21.—Chicago Chronicle.

## MINIATURE VOLCANO.

How to Get Up an Eruption at Home That Will Make a Pretty Little Spectacle.

If one could only stand off and admire the grand spectacle made by a volcano in eruption, without being in danger from it and without anybody else's being in danger, there isn't one of us who would not look on the privilege as a rare treat. But as real volcanoes have a way of making themselves terrible to the spectators, and of killing people and laying the country waste, a miniature one, one that will make a pretty little spectacle, and not do any harm at all, is greatly to be preferred.

Here is the way to prepare it: Get a large flat glass dish, and in the



HOW TO MAKE A VOLCANO.

middle of it stand a small vial filled with claret wine, and stoppered with a cork through which a small hole has been bored with a red hot wire.

Now, get some clay or common earth and build a miniature mountain around the vial. Build it high enough to conceal the vial entirely, but leave a small hole in the top of the mountain clear down to the cork in the vial. Thus the miniature volcano will be all ready to be set off.

Strange to say, not fire, but water, will be needed for this purpose. A real volcano has both, for the explosion is caused by the contact of water with red-hot melted rocks down in the earth, and the enormous pressure of the steam thus generated breaks open the earth and throws out the melted rocks as lava. But this little volcano can be started into action simply by pouring water into the glass vessel until it comes two or three inches above the top of the little mountain. Then give the water a rotary motion and watch for a few moments and you will see red streaks coming up through the water and gradually spreading out in a red cloud. The volcano is erupting!

But what makes the red wine rise through the water in that way? It rises because it is lighter than water. It would have remained in the vial, of course, if we had not poured the water into the vessel, but when the two liquids have come in contact, the lighter rises to the top. Your teacher would tell you that wine has less specific gravity than water, but we are not using scientific terms.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## MOST REMARKABLE CAT.

Kentucky Pelican is a Formidable Rival of the Pelican and the Greedy Fish-Hawk.

Capt. W. J. Stone, of Lyon county, is the possessor of the most remarkable cat in the world. This cat, not content with the ordinary prowess of the feline species in catching birds and rodents, has entered a new field and is a formidable rival of the pelican and fishhawk. According to Mr. Sidney Snooks, deputy surveyor of the port, and a son-in-law of Capt. Stone, it prefers fish to any other form of food and regularly goes fishing in Stone's lake, the big sheet of water on Capt. Stone's farm.

"I don't like to tell this story," said Mr. Snooks, "because people are apt to class it as a fish story, when it is really only a cat story. The fish are merely incidental. Anyway, I always think of Mark Twain's story of the cat that ate the coconuts, and I am willing to produce the cat at any time to prove my tale, provided some one else will supply a pond of clear water well filled with fish."

"Jasper began his fishing expeditions several years ago. We often found after a day's fishing that the cat would eat the heads of the fish the cook threw away. One day he followed a party of us to the lake, and his disappointment was great when he found that we deposited our fish in the basket instead of leaving them where he could make a meal. After awhile some one noticed Jasper crouched on the bank, his eyes set, just as he watches a sparrow he is after. Suddenly his paw shot out and from the water he brought a gasping perch, which he soon put where it would do the most good. After that the cat made regular trips to the lake."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Game of Alliteration.  
Provide each player with a pencil and paper and every two minutes give out a letter. During the two minutes each player is to write a sensible sentence, each word of which begins with the letter given out. If S is given out some one might write: "Simple Susan sat sewing skillfully," or the like. When as many letters have been given out as there are players, each player must read one sentence. Anyone with a sentence longer than the one read aloud marks his sentence, beginning with the same letter as the one read, plus, with a sentence shorter, minus. The one with the most plus marks is the winner.

Score One for Johnny.  
Mamma—Johnny, did you wipe your feet on the mat when you came in?  
Johnny—I couldn't get my shoestrings untied; they were in a hard knot.  
"But what have shoestrings to do with it?"  
"I couldn't wipe my feet without taking off my shoes, could I?"—Boston Transcript.



EVEN the humble little sparrow, the familiar feathered friend of those who seldom see anything else of bird life, is not spared by the merciless demands of fashion. The headgear of the eternal feminine—that altar of vanity upon which many a beautiful creature is sacrificed—when it cannot boast of rarer decorative finery in the shape of slaughtered innocents, has often to be "built up" to suit the advanced tastes of ladies



The component parts of the glorified sparrow. All these various feathers are added to the plain little creature you see on the street.

who desire to be smart on economical lines.

Now the common sparrow, as Nature has designed it, is rather a dull-looking creature, especially when it is dead. The feminine desire for color and sharp contrasts which our charming lady friends have alone inherited from their disreputable savage forefathers—or foremothers—is not satisfied by the shaded browns of the feathery street arab.

The manipulator of modern millinery magnificence is, of course, perfectly aware of the tastes of his clients. Does he content himself with "stuffing" each sparrow, sewing it on a shape, and sticking his "creation" into some retailer's shop window? No! He sees possibilities in that silent little bundle of brown feathers, and acts accordingly.

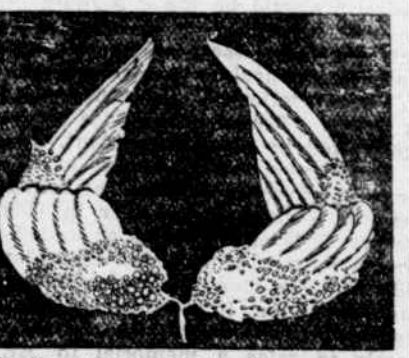
He has a large staff of workers, some of whom call themselves artists—in many cases a justifiable claim—and into their hands he delivers his latest consignment of dead sparrows. The latter when they reach their destination, are only worth about a penny a dozen—sparrows are cheap to-day.

Now, the sparrow—forms the foundation of a brilliant scheme in color and feathers. It first undergoes the experience of a bath for cleaning purposes. Then the little bird creature is hung out on a line to dry, a companion of several in a similar plight.

The subsequent glorification of the sparrow progresses by rapid stages. The feathers of more pretentious representatives of the winged world are called in frequent requisition. Pigeons, for instance contribute largely to the material for building up the glorified sparrow, and even the common or back garden rooster turns in handy at a pinch to aid in the transformation.

The sparrow, limp and bedraggled, passes through the hands of an artist who possesses the knack of brightening up everything he touches. Under his magic treatment the poor little bird grows stout and robust, not to say sprightly in appearance, once more, as in life.

Now the time has come for a change of clothing; the sparrow is introduced to a master of the brush, and he, with a few swift strokes, transforms the dingy brown of the bird's feathers



To the extra pigeon's wings are added guinea chick feathers, and the bogus wings are complete.

Into such brilliant hues that the common little sparrow is a sparrow no longer in appearance, but rather one of those beautifully-coated creatures which we seldom see except in the windows of fanciers or at the Zoo!

When the "foundation" has become "a perfect little beauty," it is time that the decorative accessories should be made to add further importance to the subject. And the preparation of the component parts is not a whit less elaborate than that of the sparrow itself.

It is first of all necessary that the unimposing wings should be added to. Millinery license allows a bird more than one pair of wings—in fact ornithology gets a very poor show indeed when a "real nice thing" in hat architecture is being produced.

It has been decided by the designer of millinery ornamentation that a pair of pigeon wings, properly prepared, will add to the dignity and attractiveness of the manipulated sparrow.

Having previously performed the operation of introducing a pair of grayish-white wings to a dyeing-dish—whence they emerge transformed into

something very tasty in color, the artist proceeds to add to their beauty, and, at the same time, relieve the darning of the color scheme by deftly working in a few feathers from a guinea-chick.

In due course the extra pair of wings is attached to the body of the sparrow, and in such a way that the real wings seem to be a supplemental part of the larger ones, and not vice-versa—a fact which does credit to the responsible artist. The little chirper is now beginning to assume a more important appearance—indeed, it may be said that the tout ensemble even at this stage is rather imposing, what with color and added life. But more has to be done before the censor of millinery wares is satisfied. Several gosling feathers have been treated with brush and pencil until they too look "dashing."

This is done by the artist, who rapidly brushes a few strokes of specially prepared colors diagonally on each feather.

In the meantime, a couple of goose-quills have been so cleverly deprived of a portion of the feathers that, when the remainder are curled and twisted, a very fair imitation of a pair of osprey feathers is produced, ready for the artistic manipulator who is preparing the feathery masterpiece.

I have watched the preparation of these quills with great interest. There is, I believe, a great demand for them during the autumn and winter season, and therefore large numbers are turned out in the factory.

The girls employed at this work have very deft fingers, and work at a surprising rate; whilst, so cleverly is performed the ripping away of superfluous feathers, the parting of the "bosky" part of the quill, and the curling of the dainty imitation of osprey feathers, that to the ordinary eye the completed article seems quite genuine.

The painted feathers and the imitation osprey feathers are cunningly added to the wonderful "creation" by the artist, who manipulates the various items at his disposal with a stolidity and matter-of-fact composure worthy



The glorified sparrow complete.

of the nation to which he belongs, for the feather-worker is one of the exiled children of Russia.

Quickness, minus fuss, is the forte of not only this man, but of almost every worker—mostly foreign—in the factory, whose proprietor kindly gave me facilities for obtaining material for this article.

By this time the glorified sparrow has almost reached the zenith of its splendor. There is not very much more to do to complete the extraordinary creature which, no doubt, will edify the public when it makes its appearance in its intended destination—the hat of some lady with a taste for striking finery.

A fan-like collection of prettily-dyed feathers is evidently the elou of the whole thing. This is cleverly added on to the rest of the multi-feathered construction, and without a sigh or a smile of relief, the "artist" lays the "confection" down beside him in a box which holds several others of a similar description, and goes on with another set as if there was no possible end to his work.

It may be said that duplicate "birds" of this description are seldom produced by the same firm. In some way or other an alteration of color or position of feathers suffices to produce a slight difference in appearance, but the result is the same—the construction, from cheap but attractive materials, of a creature which is a cross between a bird of paradise and a peacock!

Look at the final photograph and compare the sparrow with his appearance in the first photograph, remembering that his complexion has also altered. I think it safe to say that even his maternal relation would fail to recognize him: P. LANDER.

## Largest Anchor Ever Made.

What is said to be the largest and heaviest anchor ever made was recently forged at the Charleston (Mass.) navy yard. It weighs over eight tons and cost nearly \$2,000. It is 15 feet long over all and nine feet six inches wide over the points. The palms are 33 inches wide. The cable for this anchor is unique also, as regards weight, each link weighing 60 pounds. Three hundred and sixty fathoms (2,160 feet) of it are to be supplied.

## The Reply Unkind.

Ella—How can one grow old gracefully?  
Stella—I don't know; how do you manage it?—N. Y. Herald.

## Cost of Construction.

"Do you know what this railroad cost per mile?"  
"No! But I know how much it cost per alderman!"—Puck.

## A Numerical Change.

"I see you have given up your old quarters."  
"Why, yes. I've found a better half."—N. Y. Times.

## He Had Made an Impression.

In a rear green car moving along the avenue toward the capitol the other afternoon sat a pretty and handsomely groomed woman of 30 or so. Occasionally her eyes wandered to the back platform, upon which a couple of men were standing, enjoying their cigars. One of them was a big, good-natured-looking chap. The car was about, at Sixth street, when a pretty woman in the car caught the eye of the big fellow on the rear platform. She screwed her left optic into a most mischievous wink and smiled at him. He smiled back at her.

"Well, you're all right, beau," jovially remarked the man standing next to the big fellow on the platform, who had observed the pretty woman's wink and smile. "That queen's yours, all right."

"Well, I hope so, pal," good-naturedly replied the big chap, grinning and throwing away his cigar butt. "I've been married to her for eight years now."

Then he went into the car and joined his wife, while the man who remained on the rear platform looked foolish.—Washington Post.

## Portraits on Tombstones.

Marble dealers are taking a keen interest in an enterprise, which had its origin in Denmark, for reproducing the pictures of dead persons on their tombstones. They say that it is very probable that the movement will spread to America in a short time. The picture-on-the-tombstone craze started among the Danes as a result of the use of artificial marble. A Danish master builder succeeded in producing a stone of such delicate tints that it was impossible to distinguish it from the natural product. The imitation of the more expensive species was found to cost far less than the natural, and is made in any form desired—columns, plain or fluted, and capitals—readily as flat slabs. The durability is said to be as great as that of the genuine marble. It was found that it was possible to reproduce, by carving, a picture of the deceased person, in the imitation marble, much easier and far cheaper than the work could be done with the genuine article.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Queered.

Constituent—"Mr. Pubman, I have read that speech you delivered the other day on the question of public ownership, and there's one thing I can't understand about it. What did you say so much about aluminum for? You spoke about it 50 times in the course of your remarks, and I couldn't see that it had any connection with the rest of the speech."

Eminent Citizen (mortified and indignant)—"Aluminum? Good heavens! The ignoramus that copied the speech for publication must have got it wrong. The word I used so much was 'altruism!'"—Chicago Tribune.

## Too Much of a Task.

On one occasion when a boarder had devoured everything eatable on the table within his reach, and when the landlady had supplied until her strength and patience were well-nigh exhausted, she suddenly broke out with: "I shall certainly have to raise the price of your board!"  
"Don't think of doing such a thing," he replied, "it is nearly killing me now to eat all I pay for, and should you raise my board and compel me to eat more it will be the death of me."—Chicago Chronicle.

## Malta's Population.

Malta is the most thickly populated island in the world. It has 1,300 people to the square mile. Barbadoes has 1,051 people to the square mile.—N. Y. Sun.

## The Wealth of India.

Practically the entire commercial wealth of India's 300,000,000 inhabitants is in the hands of 90,000 parsas and rajahs.—Albany Argus.

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